

Curiosity Voyage by Magladin

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Summary: While researching for a paper for school, Mike and El accidentally get locked in the Hawkins Public Library, where they learn about a few things they can't find in books. Shameless smut, warning, warning, warning.

Curiosity Voyage

I stole the title from Dustin but he makes no appearance in this story. I think this one demonstrates how much they really trust each other. Nothing but smut, consider yourself warned.

Fall midterms were quickly approaching for the kids at Hawkins High School and Mike Wheeler, the diligent student he was, took his homework very seriously. He and his girlfriend El had been in the library in their small town for hours already one Friday afternoon while he did research for a history paper on Transylvania in Romania and the legend of Vlad the Impaler. He was happy to be getting to do a paper on something he found interesting so close to Halloween. El was supportive as always, reading quietly from her borrowed copy of *The Talisman*.

When Mike found what he thought was a suitable stopping place for the day he packed his things into his backpack and he and El made their way out of the basement and back into the main room of the library.

They were a little surprised that the room was dark. No one was there. When they went to exit they found that the doors were chained. They were locked inside the library.

"Aw, damn. Why didn't they check the building? We can't be locked in here all night!" Mike was a little flustered.

El wasn't as worried. "It's okay, Mike. Isn't it? Look, there are beanbags in the children's section. We could sleep on those. It might be fun. The guys might be jealous of you for getting to spend the night in the library."

Mike sighed. There definitely were beanbags in the kids' section and El was right about the guys being jealous; he kind of wanted to rub it in their faces.

"You're right. It'll be fine."

El was trying her best to hide the smile threatening to form on her

lips. She would be lying if she had said this wasn't working in her favor. School was taking a lot of their time and she missed spending time with Mike alone.

"Maybe this is not so bad after all," she muttered after a few moments of silence, her hand coming down to rest on Mike's thigh. She turned her head to look at him before closing the gap between their faces and pressing a soft kiss to his cheek. She had no idea if he wanted her the way she wanted him, but she could at least try to find out.

If Mike was being honest with himself, once he let the idea of being locked in melt away and started to look at his situation for what it was, he'd realize that all the factors needed to create one of his all-time fantasies was right there at his fingertips. He was alone in the library, amongst the stacks, with the most beautiful and sexiest girl he could imagine, and he really shouldn't nerd out and waste his opportunity. El's hand was on his thigh. He simply put his own hand over hers.

"Well, here we are. Are you scared?"

"No," El replied, letting out a small chuckle. Mike was asking her if she was afraid, as if she couldn't easily open the locked door if she wanted to. *He forgot*, she thought to herself as her lips pressed on his neck. She didn't want to take this too far without Mike agreeing to it; she knew how he was and how easily he would get stressed out over the smallest things, like being locked in the library. And yet she tried her luck, nipping on his neck and squeezing his thigh gently. There was a mix of his cologne, the laundry detergent Karen always used on his clothes, and Mike's natural scent, and it definitely didn't help with the situation. If anything, it only reminded her of how much she loved him and wanted him.

"Are you?" She asked as her mouth moved to his earlobe. Her hand didn't stop either as she slowly retracted it from his and moved it higher to his crotch.

Mike gulped, probably audibly in the stillness of the library. El seemed so confident and the feeling of her hand on him sent his blood down, straight to where her hand was currently resting. He found that the idea of being stranded in the library was starting to

carry a different sort of weight for him. The feeling of El's lips on his ear made him bolder, not wanting to waste this precious chance to be alone with her.

"Umm, El? I, uh, I kind of did something. But you might think I'm weird for it. I, um, I shaved some stuff."

"Some stuff?" Her eyebrows quirked up in slight confusion. Her small hand was now fully resting on his crotch and she could already feel the bulge starting to form. Yet Mike's words puzzled her because even when he shaved his pubic hair he never really let her know in advance, so this was clearly about something else. "Show me," she added after shifting away from her boyfriend so she could see what this was about.

Mike glanced around where they were

They were in the kids' section, with corduroy beanbags scattered around.

He grabbed three of them and shoved them together.

"Okay, well do you want to see? I was thinking about how much I like it when you feel all smooth so when I took a shower last night I did this. If you feel really awesome all smooth then you should get to know what I feel like that way. Though now that I say it out loud I feel stupid."

Eleven's eyes sparkled with joy as she listened to her boyfriend. Her mouth was partially agape as she took in all the new information Mike was providing. The thought of him doing this for her only made her want him more and she couldn't wait until he took his clothes off and showed her the result.

"You're not stupid, Mike," she snapped out of her excitement and slightly shook her head. "I want to see, show me." The last two words came out as a soft whine and her eyes were pleading with him to hurry up.

Mike nodded, standing before her on his knees.

"Would you unzip me? It feels better when you do it."

El was right in front of him, the beanbags just behind him, waiting to be used.

Eleven smiled, more than eager to please the only boy she'd ever loved. She moved forward in a matter of seconds, her hands quickly working the zipper before it flew open. She could see Mike's chest rising and falling as he heaved in front of her and she figured he was either nervous or excited. *Or both*, she thought to herself as she gently pushed him backwards until his back hit the beanbags. His pants and boxers were tossed on the floor soon after and that was when she got the chance to examine it all.

"Oh, wow," she mumbled as she glanced at Mike before returning her attention back to his crotch. She would usually stare at his erection, teasing him with soft touches until she would finally put it in her mouth, but this time was different. Every part of him was shaved and she couldn't help but gawk at his balls.

Her left hand dared to come forward and touch his sack and her eyes widened immediately. "It's so soft...and smooth..." She was wonderstruck, but she figured other parts of Mike needed to be touched. Without hesitation, her right hand came up to caress his erect cock as she made up and down movements while continuing to stroke his balls and feel the weight in her palm. "D-Does... does it feel good?" She asked stupidly, trying to make sure that this was something that turned Mike on. She'd never done something like this before.

"Oh fuck yes, El. That feels so good. I like it when you touch my cock. I like it when you, um, suck on it. Do you think you could do that? If you want I can massage your tits while you suck on me. I'll do whatever you want."

Mike looked down at her, watching as she played with his naked dick. Her hand looked so small as she pumped his shaft. When she'd pull away for a second to touch something else he saw his cock twitch, anticipating the return of her smooth fingers.

Eleven let out a cheeky smile as she listened to her boyfriend talk. She didn't need to be told twice in order for her plush lips to wrap around Mike's tip. She sucked on it as she looked him in the eye, her

left hand never leaving his balls. She had other plans in mind, but she was delighted to start with what Mike had asked her to do.

But her patience was thin and although she worked her mouth up and down Mike's shaft, she wanted more. She had tasted him already, swallowing his salty pre-cum and getting wetter herself as the seconds passed by. Releasing Mike's thick cock with a pop, she licked up and down, but her tongue was gradually going lower with every wet swipe. She still had no idea if what she was going to do was okay, she'd never seen or heard of anyone licking a guy's balls before and she and Mike had never really discussed it, but that didn't stop her from aiming for them. She wanted to feel the smoothness gliding over tongue, to feel the texture and the way it made Mike feel and so she started with tentative licks, her eyes glancing up at Mike from between his legs to make sure everything was okay.

Mike couldn't believe how good it felt as her warm, wet tongue worked its way lower, moving from his rigid shaft downward, getting closer and closer to his clean shaven balls. And she was looking up at him, her big eyes making him melt as her tongue lapped at his cock, and then as he felt it for the first time on his tight sack, and it was all he could do to not cum all over her right then.

"Oh shit, El. You're licking my balls? Fuck that feels good. You can do that. Your tongue feels so good there. Lick them, El. Please lick my balls."

El's left hand was holding on to his leg and when he said that he felt her move it so that she was squeezing his ass.

"They feel so nice," El exclaimed from between his legs, her words coming out as muffled since she continued to lap at his sack. She didn't expect to enjoy it so much, but she clearly did considering the way she made sure not to leave a single patch unattended before trying to fit his balls inside her mouth. It didn't work as she'd planned and she frowned disappointedly, but she still managed to suck on one at a time. She was so into it that both of her hands moved up to Mike's ass, pulling him closer and keeping him in place; she didn't want this to end any time soon.

When she resumed licking instead of sucking, she realized how close

she was to Mike's asshole. It made her feel fuzzy, the intimacy of it all making her want to explore more. Quietly, she let her tongue travel from Mike's balls to his perineum until she reached his hole. It felt surreal, the tip of her muscle touching him in a place so intimate that had never been explored before and she knew it would be a matter of seconds before she could hear Mike's reaction. Until then, she just enjoyed the feeling of his asshole against her tongue, lapping at it in a curious manner.

When Mike realized her tongue had moved from his balls, going lower, brushing his taint and finally stopping at his asshole, he had two thoughts. His first thought was that the guys could *NEVER* know. His second thought was that he didn't want her to ever stop.

"Oh god, El. What are you doing? Your tongue is on my asshole and fuck it feels good. Please don't stop. Um, here."

Mike shifted his body, turning over and getting on his knees. He knew he must look a little silly but there was no one there to see him but El and he trusted her with his life. He didn't mind putting himself in such a vulnerable position, especially if it meant she would have better access to his tight asshole. Just the feeling of her licking it, the wetness of her tongue slipping all over it, made his dick get harder.

"Does it feel good, Mike? I want to make you feel as good as you make me feel when you do this," El asked as she looked at Mike sitting on his hands and knees, all exposed for her. She was so wet she could feel her panties soaking with her juices, but that wasn't going to stop her from diving right in and licking her boyfriend's asshole. And that was what she proceeded to do, her delicate hands resting on either side of his ass as her tongue starting to explore him again. She tried to reach his cock and stroke him at the same time but it wasn't practical from the position they were in and she huffed, slightly annoyed.

"Touch your cock for me. I want to make you come." She was adamant as she spoke and she didn't wait for Mike to do what he was told before she went back to licking him in possibly his most private area. She was hesitant at first, trying to remember everything Mike did to her in moments like this but it didn't take long until her instincts kicked in. Her tongue probed every inch of his asshole with

long and wet swoops and she would occasionally go back to his balls, sucking them before letting go with a *pop* then going back to his ass. It felt amazing for her and she didn't even touch herself; although her pussy was throbbing, so she just hoped it felt good for Mike as well.

Mike held himself up with his left hand and used his right hand to stroke himself, trying to find a rhythm. He was having trouble because hearing his perfect little El tell him what to do coupled with the feeling of her hot tongue on his asshole was making his mind hazy. He could feel it, he could feel himself opening up ever so slightly each time her tongue tried to dip inside. His cock was throbbing and his hand relieved it some. He knew from the angle that El couldn't reach him so he imagined that his hand was hers. He imagined she was stroking and teasing his hard twitching dick as she tongued his hole like she was eating Jell-O without a spoon.

He wanted her to be the one to touch him though.

"Your tongue feels so good, El. I like it when you push it into my ass. Can you feel it opening? You're doing that because your hot tongue feels so amazing. Do you want me to move? I really wish your hand was on my cock instead of mine. You're sooo much better."

"Please do," Eleven said excitedly as she sat back on her knees, letting Mike flip around until he was lying on his back again. She couldn't get enough of eating him out, she had never thought this would be so exciting for both of them and she wasn't planning on stopping until she made him come. She glanced at his naked form as she got closer, admiring his pale body and how beautiful he looked all sprawled out for her only.

"Did it feel good when I put my tongue inside your asshole?" Her voice was provocative as she jerked his cock with lazy strokes, her face lowering until she swiped her tongue over his balls again. "Do you want me to do it again? Because I want to, I want to taste all of you, Mike."

"Yeah it feels awesome. I didn't know your tongue would feel like that. Does it feel that good when I do that to you? Because if it does I'm gonna do it all the time. Oh, fuck. Now I can watch you. You look so sexy licking me. I like watching your head bob up and down while

you're eating my ass. Oh shit, it feels so slippery. Keep pumping my cock while you tongue my hole. Can you feel how hard you make me?"

Mike watched as El tried her best to maintain eye contact while she slurped on his now very slippery asshole. Her hand had a firm grip on his dick and he found himself thrusting into it as she stroked him. His legs were spread as far as he could get them. He was holding them in the air to give her room, fucking her hand and the air as she pumped him.

"Oh fuck, El. Do you wanna make me come? Because you're going to. You're sucking my ass so good. I can feel it. I'm so close. You're gonna make me come so fucking hard."

El couldn't help but smile at everything her boyfriend was saying. She wanted to reply and tell him how good he had always made her feel, but she was too engaged in slurping on his hole. So she just hummed instead, letting him know she could hear everything he said and that it turned her on beyond words. Her hand worked faster on his cock, pumping his shaft in ways she was certain were going to make him come while her tongue was sometimes entering his asshole. She could feel the ring of muscles clenching around her tongue, yet he was gradually becoming more comfortable with her exploring every part of him. Saliva was smeared all around her mouth and his hole and she would occasionally add more just so she could penetrate him better and also let him hear the sloppy noises that turned her on so much and, hopefully, him as well.

"Tell me when you're close. I want to swallow this time," she whispered from between his ass cheeks, never leaving his hole untouched for more than just a few seconds.

Mike heard her. Of course he heard her in the silent library. What he was more focused on though was the sound of her face rubbing against his now totally wet ass, her soft grunts and the sloppy licking noises. That and her hand, slick with pre-cum, working his cock. She even took time to toy with the tip of his dick, the swollen head, as she rammed her tongue deep into his asshole.

"El, El. Oh fuck! I'm gonna come. You're making me come..."

El repositioned herself to reach Mike's cock, but she decided she wasn't going to leave his balls and asshole untouched as he came. Her left palm rested on his freshly shaven sack while her middle finger was aimed lower so she could toy with his opening. She didn't push her finger in, only applying a bit of pressure on his wet asshole as her right hand started pumping his cock. Her lips wrapped around the head of his hard dick as she stroked him fast, waiting for him to shoot his load inside her mouth.

Mike could feel El's warm lips wrap around his cock. He had maybe a few seconds before he unloaded what felt like might be rope upon rope of hot come down her throat. As he was thinking this, he felt her fingertip on his asshole. He felt himself pucker, trying to suck her finger in. It was all too much and his abdomen tightened.

"Fuck, El..." he cried out as his come started to fill her mouth. He put his hands on her face, holding it as he came. He tried to keep his eyes open so he could watch as she took it all.

As she felt Mike was about to come, El's fingertip gently pushed inside his asshole. It all still felt surreal and she was more than thrilled and awestruck that she got the chance to feel her boyfriend this way. She was barely inside, but his walls were squeezing her digit so hard, his hole fluttering open and then closing shut repeatedly as his orgasm approached. As soon as he started coming, she welcomed all of the warm semen inside her mouth and down her throat and smiled when she felt his large hands on either side of her face. Her soft eyes met his and it surprised her to see how turned on her boyfriend was. She could read the lust in his gaze and in his features, how he tried his hardest to look at her as he came uncontrollably and her heart melted at the sight. She knew no one could ever replace him or her feelings for him.

Mike was breathing hard, having come harder than maybe ever. At least much harder than in a while. He looked at El, still between his legs. He couldn't believe she had swallowed all of that. He knew it was a lot. He reached down and pulled her up, bringing her to rest on top of him.

"You are so amazing. That felt...like...I don't even know. It was just the best."

Her head was resting in the crook of his neck.

"I love you, you know."

"I love you, too," El mumbled, her arms coming around his neck as she hugged him tightly and smiled to herself. This was by far her favorite way of pleasuring Mike from now on. "Do you think... you could get hard again?" Her tone was sheepish, she didn't want to pressure Mike but she was aching to be touched. Her panties were soaking wet and she removed them and tossed them aside before guiding Mike's hands between her legs to her pussy. "Look how wet licking your asshole made me," she whispered against his neck, already grabbing Mike's middle and index fingers and pushing them inside her dripping hole.

Mike let her take his hand, knowing where she was going to put it. He closed his eyes, only wanting to feel her, making his sense of touch do all the work. She felt so smooth, her lips were hairless. Mike thought to himself that she must have also shaved, or waxed, or maybe she was just naturally perfect. He knew she wanted him to put his fingers inside her, fuck, maybe she *needed* him to after what she had just done to him, but he loved how it felt to have her pussy lips between his fingers and he loved to hear the sounds she made whenever he teased her. He wouldn't make her wait long.

As he continued to run his fingers through her dripping slit, he caught her lips in a kiss. He could hear her softly moaning against his face, his fingers now starting to dart inside her.

"Please," Eleven pouted as Mike refused to enter her. She had been wet and turned on for so long that she couldn't deal with his teasing right now. She arched her hips, nudging Mike's fingers with her pussy and hoping he would just finger her. Until then, she welcomed the kiss and slipped her tongue inside his mouth soon after, only to sigh in relief when he finally put his fingers inside. She was so incredibly wet he could easily slide two of his digits in without causing any discomfort. But she wanted to see and so she raised her skirt until it bundled up to her hips. She watched Mike's hand between her legs and she moaned out his name, her hand coming back down on top of his and guiding his movements. "I need more."

Hearing her beg him for more was enough to make Mike's dick hard again. Her voice was so sweet and she was watching his fingers disappear into her with wonder written across her face.

"El? I need more too. I need to fuck you. Could I do that? We can do it however you want. I just need to feel you on my cock. I need...I need to feel...your cunt milk my dick."

"Do it." Eleven moaned out her words, forcing Mike's fingers as much as possible inside her cunt as she spoke. His fingers were thin but long and it almost hurt to have them so deep inside, but that was what she wanted. After taking all of her clothes off, she straddled Mike's hips and rubbed her clit over his shaft to get some relief. He wasn't fully erect, but she had an idea or two about how to get him there.

"I want you to come inside me this time. I'll walk home trying to hold your come inside my cunt and I'll eat it when I get there," she whispered as she lowered her chest so she could kiss his lips.

Mike just nodded as she climbed on top of him. Hearing what she said caused his blood vessels to dilate and his dick was instantly harder. She was so slick, his entire pelvis was covered with her juices in just a matter of seconds.

"You want me to come inside you? You want to feel that? It'll be deep, El. You feel too good for me not to push myself as far into you as I can. Are you sure that's what you want? Because thinking about you walking home with my come trying to drip out of you and you holding it in is like, the hottest thing ever."

"That's what's going to happen, Mike," Eleven whispered as she sat back up on his cock and looked down at him. She could sense how hard he had become in just a matter of seconds and it made her feel powerful to know that she was the perpetrator. "I always do that when you come inside me. I never told you," she admitted as her hands rested on his smooth chest while her hips rocked back and forth on top of him. The swollen tip of his cock nudged her clit with every move and she could barely hold herself back any longer. "Even when you fuck me at school and you come inside, I go to the restroom and scoop it all out so I can eat your come," she said

unabashed, too turned on to care at this point.

Mike watched her, dumbstruck by her admission. It only made him want to fuck her harder.

"Is that what you do? You like my come that much?" He was holding on to her hips and meeting her rocking with thrusts of his own. He was so far inside her that he couldn't even see any of his dick anymore when he looked at where they were joined.

"I'll give it to you. You can have it all. It's yours, El. You've just gotta fuck it out of me. But you're doing a good job of that right now. Oh, fuck, El. I love to fuck you."

"Yeah?" Eleven asked, proud of herself to hear her boyfriend admitting she was doing a great job. There were times when she still felt out of place or inexperienced, but everything came so easily when Mike was around. She never had to worry about doing a great job for him; she just had to be herself. And for some reason those two happened to be the same for Mike and she loved him for that and many other reasons.

"Can you fuck me really hard, Mike? Fuck me until my cunt is sore?" She asked as she looked down at him, her right hand coming down to his hair. She didn't pull at it, at least not yet; she was going to save that for later if she needed it. Her hips never stopped moving, she continued to bounce up and down on Mike's thick cock and enjoy the way he stretched her like nothing else ever would.

"I can fuck you harder if that's what you want. Do you want to still feel the ghost of my cock inside you tomorrow? Should I fuck you *that* hard?" Mike gripped her hips tighter, digging his fingertips into her soft skin. He pulled her down, trying to be rough like she wanted but still not wanting to hurt her. He could feel the head of his cock hitting her cervix every time she sank herself down onto him.

"Do you want it like this? Because I'll fuck you any way, just tell me how you'd like it." Mike loved her hands in his hair and while she wasn't pulling his hair yet he wanted to make her use it as a tether to hold herself in place.

"Yes, that hard," Eleven pleaded, her fingers already starting to tug at the soft strands of his hair. She could feel Mike so deep inside of her and she would sink back on his cock as much as possible, but she still felt that he needed to be a little rougher. "Please don't hold back," she whispered in his ear, gasping right after when his cock slammed hard into her cunt. "I trust you." She was out of breath already, the exertion making it hard for her to breathe properly, but she felt like it was also because of how much she anticipated Mike being rough with her. "I want you to use me, Mike. Make me do whatever you want me to. I'll do anything," she added as she wrapped her arms around his neck and held on to him as tightly as possible. After their earlier experience she was certain that there was nothing Mike could ever ask for that she wouldn't be okay with doing.

Mike wrapped his arms around her and used his height to his advantage. He held her in place on himself as he bent his knees, his feet digging into the floor. He thrust upward as his feet found purchase and El went up. He held her down on him, keeping his ass in the air. El's feet barely touched the floor. She was essentially impaled on him.

"Rock yourself on me now, El. Take me even further. If you do, I'll give you what you want. Do you see that table there?" Mike knew she did. The reading area they were in was surrounded by sturdy library tables.

"Rock on my cock like this and I'll bend you over that table. I'll pull your leg up so I can get deeper. I'll pound you so you walk funny."

"Like this?" El asked as she let herself sink as deep as possible onto his cock. He was almost balls deep inside of her and it hurt to keep him there, but that was what she had asked for and she wasn't going to complain. "Fuck," she whispered under her breath as she repeated the motion, riding his cock and making sure to keep him all the way inside for a while so she could feel all of him. Her jaw would clench every time he was up to the hilt inside her cunt and she had to take deep breaths to calm herself down and make her body accept so much of him.

"Yeah, just like that. Good girl. Does it feel good? Since you did what I asked I'll bend you over the table now. Do you still want that?"

Mike's tone had taken a slight edge, not scary, but definitely more confident.

"Please," that was all El managed to croak out as she sunk back on Mike's cock. Her pussy throbbed when he talked like that, she had never seen him so firm and confident and it surprised her to say the least. But she loved it. "I need you to fuck me so hard I won't be able to walk or sit after you're done with me. Please do that. Hurt me."

Mike relaxed, letting her come back down. He gently pushed her off of him and then got up. He reached back for her, pulling her to her feet. She wanted him to hurt her, she'd said, and he definitely couldn't do that, but maybe he could get rougher. He walked her over to the table, pushing the chairs out of the way.

"Bend over, put your face on the table," Mike commanded. He watched as she complied, her ass exposed to him. She was on her tiptoes.

Mike grabbed her left leg and pushed it up, bending her knee so that it looked kind of like she was trying to climb onto the table.

He could see her pussy better, could see how wet she was. The table already was catching drips falling from her.

Mike lined himself up. If she wanted him to be rough he would be.

His hands were on her ass, he admired it as his cock twitched at her opening. Then he shoved his cock into her cunt *hard*, making her cry out, but he didn't stop. He could feel her stretching more from the new angle, enveloping him.

"Fuck, you are so tight. You want me to fuck your tight pussy hard? Is this hard enough?"

Mike slammed into her. He could hear her gasping with each thrust, trying to cry out, but her cries got caught in her throat as she was overtaken by Mike's hard dick.

Eleven's eyes flew wide open as Mike started pounding her dripping cunt. The angle was a lot different now that they had switched positions and she could definitely feel him more. It hurt and her was

body was slammed onto the table with every rough thrust he made, but she loved it. It was definitely something different from her usual soft Mike and it seemed like today was the day they decided to do things they hadn't done before.

"Let go, Mike. You can...hurt...me," she mumbled between breaths, trying her best to breathe normally, but every time he pounded inside her he would take her breath away. She couldn't help but moan at the feeling of her boyfriend fucking her mercilessly and although she was used to his thick cock stretching her wide open, she was definitely not familiar with him burying himself so deep and roughly inside her pussy.

It seemed to Mike that she was really into the hurting thing so he kept ramming into her, only his hands started to move from her ass and hip area. He kept his brutal rhythm as he let his big hands slide up El's body, finally coming to rest around her throat.

He could feel her pulse as his fingers closed around her neck. He wasn't going to squeeze too hard but he'd be lying if he said it didn't turn him on even more to have her in such a submissive position. He did squeeze a little, hearing a small cry escape her lips.

"Do you like this? Do you like feeling my big cock inside you? My hands are around your throat, your neck is so soft. I bet you still have my come in your throat."

When Mike wrapped his large hands around Eleven's throat, her first instinct was to escape the situation. She panicked for a second as Mike continued to brutally fuck her from behind, before she relaxed and let herself loosen. This was Mike, *her Mike*, the only person she would always trust with her entire life. Her lips turned into a smile as Mike pressed on her throat and she rocked herself back on his cock, trying to take everything in and remember this feeling forever. "I do like it," she moaned and brought one of her hands to his, slightly squeezing them as if to indicate she was okay with him applying more pressure to her neck. She trusted him. "I don't like wasting your come...it's my favorite thing to eat. I'm a slut for your cum, Mike."

Feeling El squeeze his hands, Mike knew she was okay. So he applied a bit more pressure.

"Are you going to come on my cock? You wanted me to fuck you hard. Am I fucking you...hard...enough...now?" Mike emphasized his words with dramatic, deep penetrating thrusts, holding himself deep with every one before pulling out enough to deliver another punishing blow with his cock, which was throbbing. He wanted to come so badly, and with his hands around her throat, but he wanted her to come first.

"If I tell you to come will you do it? Will you obey me? I want to feel you come on my cock but, El? I want it to be hard. I want you to come hard."

El cried out every time he would thrust particularly hard inside of her cunt. She knew this was going to hurt even after it was all over and she wanted that. She wanted Mike to make her feel empty as he would completely pull out and she wanted her pussy to ache and beg for more the next time. But for now, she was getting more than she had ever hoped for.

"I know it will be hard. Please don't stop," she pleaded and met his thrusts, pushing herself as hard as possible onto his hard cock. She knew her ass was probably red by now from all the pounding and she hoped it would stay that way until she could get home and admire Mike's work while eating his come out of her. The feeling of his cock wrecking her pussy and his hands around her throat only brought her closer to her orgasm and she successfully managed to sneak her arm under her body and touch her clit. It took less than a few flicks of her wrist until she came undone, her mouth wide open as she moaned and thrashed against Mike's body. "I'm... You're making me come. You're fucking me so hard I'm gonna..." El was unable to finish, her voice dying off as her orgasm took over and she was unable to form any coherent sentences. Instead, she just moaned and cried out as Mike's cock tore her insides.

Mike felt her quivering and spasming around his dick as she came, announcing that it was happening

And he knew she had moved her hand to her clit, which had sped up the process. He looked down at himself as he used her soaking wet pussy. Her ass was shiny from her arousal getting smeared everywhere and Mike had been stuffing himself into her so hard that

her ass cheeks were red and a little puffy. The sight was too much when it was combined with her coming on him; feeling her legs trembling and hearing her voice, helpless against the onslaught of both his cock and her orgasm.

"El, I'm about to fill your pussy with my come. That's what you want right? I'm going to sink myself deep for you. I'm going to come so hard, so deep in you."

Mike moved a few more times, pulling almost all the way out before slamming back home.

"Oh, fuck. It's gonna be now, El. You're making me come right now."

Mike squeezed her throat again as he felt hot come shoot from him into her. He was deep but even though she had come a minute or so before he could still feel her pulsing around his shaft. He thrust until he knew he was empty, and then thrust a couple more times.

El fought for air as Mike squeezed her throat harder, but she wasn't panicked. If anything, it only turned her on even more that she had just come on Mike's cock. Her pussy was still throbbing and twitching as Mike came so deep inside her and she moaned at the feeling of his hot come painting her insides white. She could feel he had come a lot even if it was for the second time that day. As soon as he slipped out of her she could sense some of the come dripping down her legs and she squeezed them shut and tried to do the same with her pussy, although Mike made sure to really stretch her out. Her body was spent, she could barely move and breathe but all she wanted was to feel Mike's love right now.

"Are you tired? I'm sorry we're locked in here but I'm also really happy we got to be alone." Mike held her close. He'd been rough but now he just wanted to love her and hold her and smell her and feel her against him.

Eleven turned around in Mike's arms and pressed herself tightly against him. She was indeed tired and she definitely felt sore, but none of that could bother her right now. She'd done all these things with Mike and she couldn't be more grateful that they trusted each other so much. Smiling, she pressed her lips over his and pecked him

softly before pushing a strand of his raven hair behind his ear. "You do realize I can always unlock that door, right?"

Mike hung his head. "I guess I'm an idiot. Why didn't you say something sooner?" Mike laughed at his forgetfulness.

"Why do you think, Mike?" She let out a sheepish chuckle and wrapped her arms around his neck as she pulled him in for a soft kiss.

After that day, both Mike and El thought of the library as a place to discover a lot more than what could be contained in books. After that day, the library was a place where any curiosity could be investigated.

Author's Note: What can I say? This story wouldn't have happened without my best friend ever. It's definitely a joint effort, despite any naysaying on her part. Creativity is fun, at least when we do it. I like smiling. :)